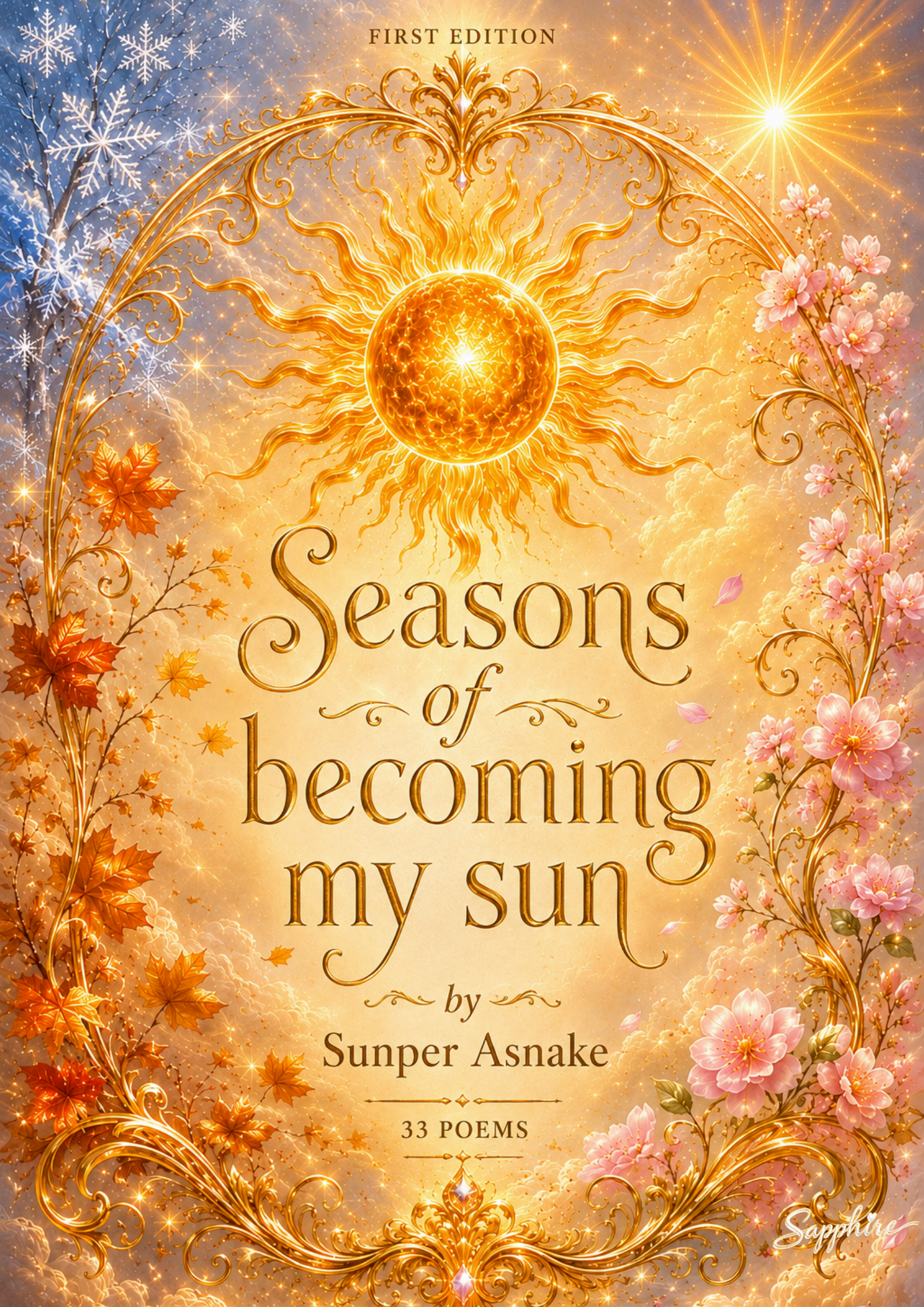
FIRST EDITION
Seasons of becoming my sun
by
Sunper Asnake
33 POEMS
Sapphire

SEASONS OF BECOMING MY SUN

Author: Sunper Asnake

Telegram: @SunsOrbit
Substack:My substack

"From scribbles in notebooks to notepads,
now a book- growth is inevitable."

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Published independently

For the girl I used to be.
For every version of me that survived.
For the ones who taught me how to break.
For the girl who learned to write her way out.
For the ones who stayed, and the ones who didn't.
For the pieces of me I thought I would never find again.
And finally, for *you*.....

“I survived becoming my own Sun.”
-Sapphire💎

Seasonal Orbit Playlists

The seasons are not only written- they are heard and felt.
These playlists are companions to each season in the book.
You can scan the QR codes or use the links to listen.
They're meant to be experienced alongside the themes, not at the same time as reading. *If you are a pro multitasker you can try :)*

And if you are not a music person, feel free to skip this page- the orbit will still be whole.

SUMMER CHAOS 🔥

WINTER COLLAPSE ❄️

AUTUMN BECOMING 🍂

SPRING BLOOMS 🌸

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PROLOGUE

Manifesto of the Bleeding Pen

I am not a poet.
I am a battlefield stitched in ink.
Each line I write is a broken rib I expose.
Each word is a splinter I drag from my skin.

I do not write for pretty rhymes or polished applause.
I write because my soul is too raw to be spoken.
Because my mind is a graveyard of memories still clawing at the dirt.

I am a writer of contradictions.
Hope and ruin live side by side in my veins.
My pages carry laughter and betrayal, love and numbness,
bright dawns and crumbling midnights all at once.

I believe in the ugly truth.
That real stories do not always end clean.
That survival sometimes means screaming into the void,
even if no one hears.
Especially when no one hears.

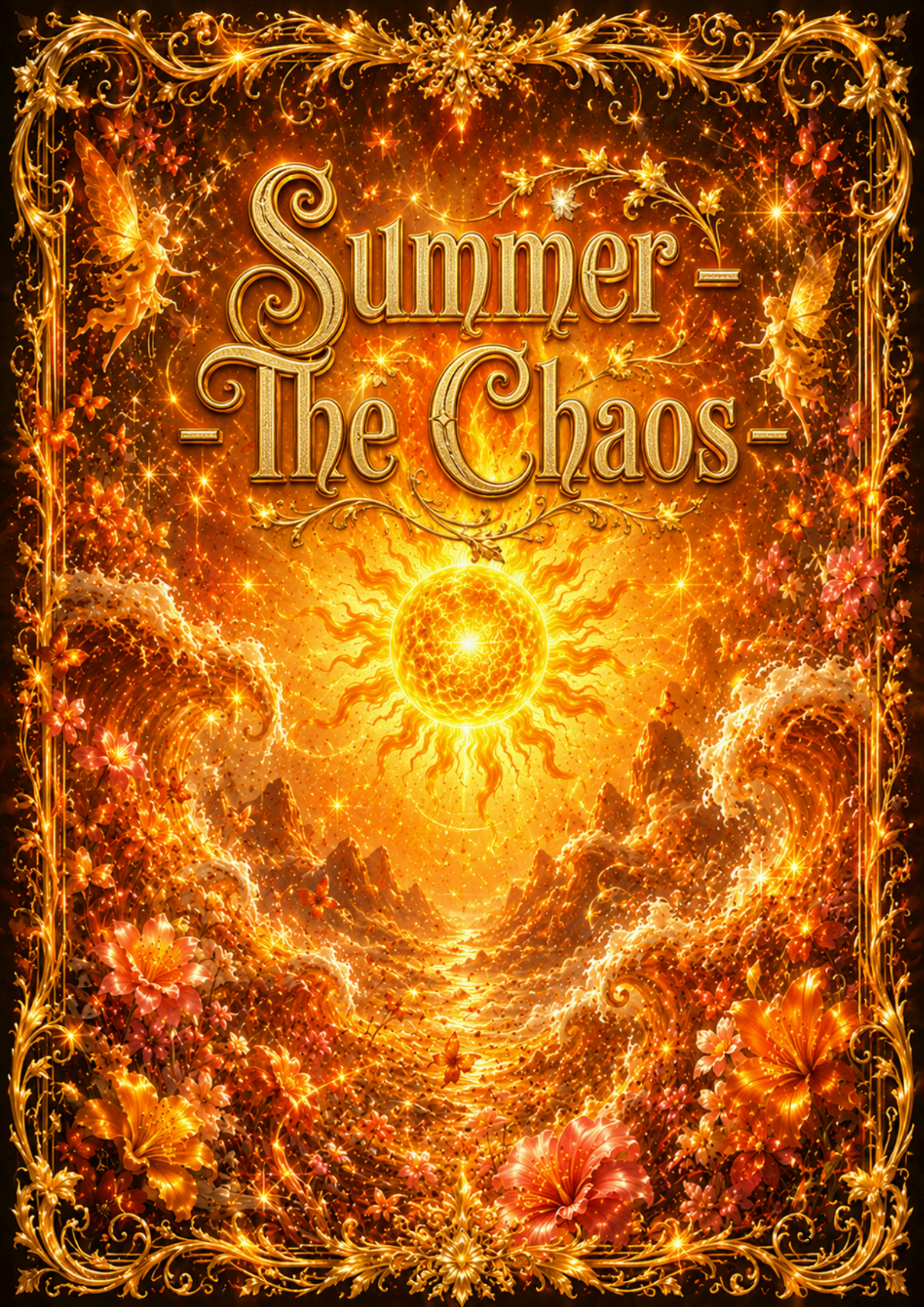
I refuse to be neat.
I refuse to be soft when life was never soft with me.
I refuse to lie to myself to make others comfortable.
I will write the rot, the regret, the brutal ache
because it is real.
And real is holy.

I am not afraid to show my scars anymore.
If you see only beauty in my poems, you have missed the point.
If you feel the crack in your own chest as you read,
Then maybe, just maybe, you have found me.

I am a living testimony.
Each poem a wound.
Each stanza a resurrection.

I do not promise you comfort.
I promise you truth.

Ink bleeds truth.
And so do I.


Summer -
-The Chaos-

Pity love

It's time to say it out loud
The crowd watches as I tried
I stutter and stumble on the words inside my head
But it's time to tell the truth now.

Unrequited love as they say it
It’s a dose you give your body to kill it
I used to say it's just falling out of love
But my heart knows it’s a lie.

Oh, one sided love as they say it
The lover is the victim broken and hurt
The villain who doesn’t love back
Also carries pain which they can't see .

If only they knew how hard I tried to love
But at the end it's just that-
I am the bad guy I can't show emotions
From your view it's my fault that produced this
Let me tell you forcing love isn't easy
Cause at the end this is also my story.

I hate that I loved you

We were kids as they say
Running around all day
Life was very fun back then
We dreamed of becoming teenagers
We sat, played and ate together
Childhood best friends as they say.
I was a kid an innocent one
I loved with a passion
You were my dearest friend I would say
But you broke my soul left me in despair
I didn't understand what I did wrong back then
I thought it was my fault I hated myself
All I wanted was friends that were close
But you made me believe I don't deserve one.
I know in school rumors fly
Your trust on me was less than a dime
Now I am here looking back at myself
Wondering how I even let you enter my life
You were my friend that I loved dearly
That thought me heartbreak and misery
I have glued the pieces you shattered
You left me alone and i am finally good
Now you tell me you feel guilty and sorry
But those apologies were a bit late for me.
You didn't trust me when I said you are my best friend
I loved you I won't deny that
But not in the way you all thought
I was attached because you were the first to care
And I loved you as a friend but nothing more
Now I am afraid of every boy I talk to
To not make them think of me in other ways like you do
I let you break me, so I hate that I loved you.

Never truly gone

You left but you are never gone
You said "you deserve better"
and the rest was just a lie
But i didn't listen
My mind was like a troubled fisherman caught in a storm
I cried just a single tear
A testament for the wreckage you left behind.

You left but you are never gone
I see you in stranger's
That warmth in your eyes now its just dull brown
I see you in the sunsets you used to love
Dawn is my enemy now
I see you in my writing, my shattered soul bleeding ink
I see you in the wind and in the rain
I see you everywhere.

You left but you are never gone
Your memories haunt me like the devil
I won't forget you that easily
But one day when i wake up
I will love the pouring rain, admire the sunset,
look into peoples eyes and do everything i love
Without thinking about you every second of every waking time
Until then, let me live my gloomy life.

Choking on pills

There are harder pills to swallow
The ones that are bulkier and dissolve
before you even get the chance to swallow
They leave a bitter slick aftertaste,
a ghost of comfort that never truly lingers.

There are harder pills to swallow
Like the fact your beloved home
will be someone else's after sometime
Or the possibility that this is the last day you will ever leave
And perhaps life is an illusion,
the punchline are the things you don't have.

There are harder pills to swallow
They cling to your throat,
choking breaths you desperately grasp
They show us how pathetic and helpless we are
Like hearing "He is happy with somebody else"
She is sleeping peacefully in the heart I built,
kissing the lips I sculpted.

There are harder pills to swallow
Like those three words that are never true
Call me dramatic but all the beasts are unleashed on my mind
Sometimes good things fall apart but there is a limit, right?
How am I supposed to stay sane, when my sanity is biased
"I am fine right? I'm okay everybody falls sometimes"
A small whisper answers, "But not as far"....

There are harder pills to swallow
So, suck it up swallow these pills
let their haze blur the edges of tonight
Tomorrow is not promised, this might be the last
So, chug them as if your life depended on it
Devour every last piece,
pray for freedom or settle for numbness that fades too soon
A freedom you never get and a numbness that never lasts
Life's bitterness runs deeper than pills can numb.

Routine

I am a bearer of truth if sins didn't exist
Undying oaths between me and the devil
Counting days, congratulating myself
Just to fall back to the abyss.
Guardian of oath
But the only oath worthy of my time
Is the one that will turn me into ashes.
A cycle never meant to be broken
A routine of self-destruction
Shameful habits, I wonder what if I disappear
What if I dissolve into the fog no shape, no light, no sound.
Does the pleasure ever last
Or will I chase it till the end of time
Would that be enough for me to stop?
Or will I carry the burden alone
The pain and suffering chasing ecstasy that will never be mine.
I am keeper of vows
Vows are stronger than my desires combined
I wish I vowed to fade into silence, a sudden goodbye.

Doors Unlocked

I miss the place I had in your heart
You gave me control of your borrowed mind.
The silence still whispers your name
I'm still wiping your blood away.

I walk through our home barefoot
The heart I broke cuts me like shards.
Past the cup you used to drink from,
The empty desk, the closet
That still smells like your cologne
I lock myself there when I miss you.

I miss you more than I loved you
I miss you more now that I broke your heart
I needed you, but you left without goodbye
Now I'm sitting here in an empty room
Even my ego and sharp tongue have left me
Perhaps they're following your footsteps.
But tell me

Am I really that hard to love?

Is it wrong to say I love you more, now that you're gone?
Would you forgive me if I asked?
Should i let my pride fade,
Should i leave my door unlocked,
Should i sleep
Or wait, in case you come back?

Yours, Maybe....

A strand of hair, that's all I have left of you
From the day you borrowed my hat
I don't know why I haven't washed it yet
Maybe it's you who is holding me back.

I lay awake and restless,
Crying behind closed doors
Because how could you leave just like that?
I told you I like surprises,
And you managed to shock me
No warning, no caution signs.

I tried, I really tried to understand your "why's"
But I am no match for your wielded mind
Your laughter... that damn laugh
That makes me search every room to find you
It haunts me in daylight.
I have no escape
Everywhere, every day, I see glimpses of you in people's eyes
Even now, I can't have a conversation without thinking of you at least twice
Will I ever recover? Will you ever come back?
This is a gamble I'm losing twice.

I have changed towns and friends,
But I can't change my heart
I would do anything just to hear your voice once
I would cross the world to have a glimpse of you, feel your touch
Why did you leave?
Am I this unbearable?

We fit in ways I can’t explain.
You and I, we were in sync,
Like every step, every word, every laugh
Belonged to a rhythm only we knew
I have never felt so aligned,
So understood
And maybe that’s why losing you hurts so much
Maybe that’s why no one could ever be quite like this with you

Like us....

Don't I at last deserve a goodbye?
Maybe I am not what you had hoped
But you were everything I ever needed and more.
I have only one request;
Don’t let time befool you
Come back while I’m still yours.

Not when the preacher says
"speak now or forever hold your peace"
Not when I'm someone else's,
Not when I'm walking down the aisle
Or playing with my kids.

You know I would still choose you
So why make me suffer like this?
Do you want me to risk everything I've built
Or do you just want me, all of me
To be yours again?

Every street, every corner, every memory
You know where to find me.
So if you do come back
Don't wait till I'm gray and old
Don't let me cry on my deathbed.

Please come back
While I'm still yours,
While my heart still remembers you,
While I still can, before it's too late.

Last Cigar

A round of applause
You won.
Isn't this what you wanted?
My surrender,

Watching *Miss Independent* stumble.

What do you mean it's not.
How could it not be?

Here I am again,
Writing after the "last time,"
And the "last last time,"
And whatever number this is now.
I don't know how long we can keep this up-
How long I can keep this up.

Focus is on the list of things you stole from me.
The rest- you know them,
No need to say them out loud.
And you act surprised.
Those dazzling eyes,
That quiet confidence
Like you already know
I'll come back
Even when you're the one who disappears first.

You once told me,
"You're like a cigar- addictive,
but dangerous."
Funny, because you're the one
Who keeps lighting me,
Inhaling,then dropping me
When the smoke gets too real.

You're hot, then cold,
Close, then gone,
A whole storm pretending to be a breeze.
You want me,you fear me,
You want out of your chaos
But only if I walk you to the door.

And somehow-
You do come back.
Not with excuses or half-truths,
But with that look
That says you finally stopped running.

You come back softer,
Hands open,
Walls lowered just enough
For me to see the part of you
That wanted me the whole time.

And for once,
It’s not smoke between us.
It’s quiet and real.

What if

Although my mind says its alright
You have nothing to worry about
Its just life its not your fault
But my mind is stuck in that thought.

What if
What if i tried harder to love you
Cause believe me i thought it would be you
The one i spend my eternities with
But my mind differs since it knows the truth.

I have forced, faked and mimicked your love
But for my mind it isn't enough
This prison i have built for myself
Had me hanging on a cliff.

So what if i didn't start it all
Now that would be a different road
But will all my guilt care and despair
I wanted to say sorry for putting you there.

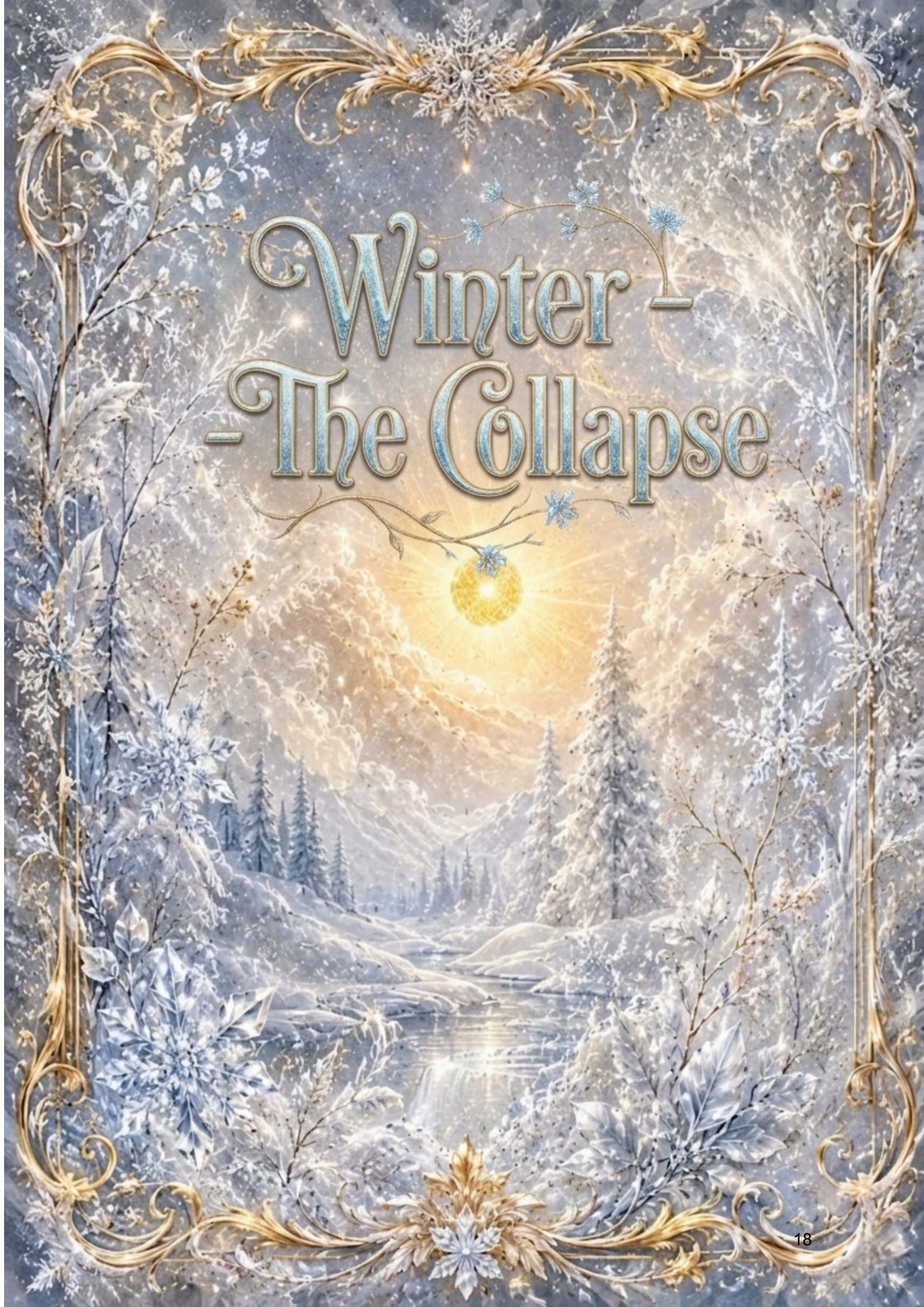
My fault

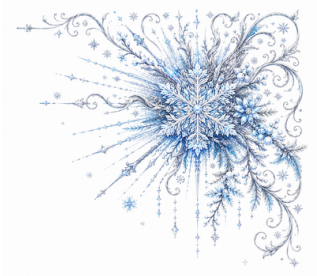
She said "you are hot and you are cold"
I thought i understood
But it was never it
It was more of you can be hot but you're cold
Maybe it was immaturity but then you're old.

Perhaps it was my fault
I have seen warmness from others
And sincerity in their eyes
But your's is always in disguise.

I knew you were trouble
The first time you make me laugh
The second time you made me cry.
It's not just expectations
These are not dreamy illusions
I have seen it by my own eyes
And it hurts bad knowing you could to do it right.

I asked myself is it really that hard
I observed my life from a far
Admiring myself and everyone around
Then I came to the conclusion it was never my fault.

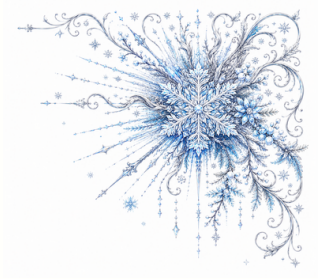

Winter -
-The Collapse



Echoes

I have so much hate in my mind
And it's time to say it out loud.

I hate the clothes I have
And the way I style my hair
I hate the scars on my hands
And the stretch marks on my leg.
I hate it when i am too forward
And the egoistic voice in my brain
I hate that i lack passion
I have no clue of who i want to be.
I hate that i am basic
But not in a cute way
I hate that i dont have plans
but i always become busy.
I hate that i am not ready
But the future in already near me
I hate that i am a disappointment
To everyone who ever meets me.
I hate that i write in a language that is not even mine
I hate it more when its forced or just to make time pass by
I hate that i am not changing for the better or worse
I believed i had hit rock bottom but now it even has a basement
The only thing i like about hating what i hate
Is that its only in my mind every single day.



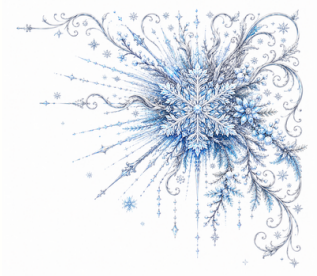
Legacy

I get a short temper, blood starts to boil
Sweet lies slip out, before I even know.
"The apple's truth," they used to say,
But I never bought it, not really, no way.
Or was I wrong? Did I fight a losing game?
Does something inside just pull me back the same?

A soft voice whispers, like a ghost in my ear,
"This is just you, this is what you're meant to be, dear."
Why does it feel so right, natural deep down?
If it's a road my heart can't seem to keep?

I try to push the thoughts away, bury them deep,
But my mind's a wild storm, I can't ever really sleep.
The person I hated most, the one I swore I'd never be,
Stares back from the mirror, and, God, it's *me*.

A joke, a cruel one, a truth as old as time,
After all It's in my blood, my Family Line.



Freedom

A word worn thin in every possible way.
A word we knew as children
who fought with their "strict parents ",
As students in our civics class,
something valuable our ancestors fought for
But I never understood freedom just like
I never understood the world.

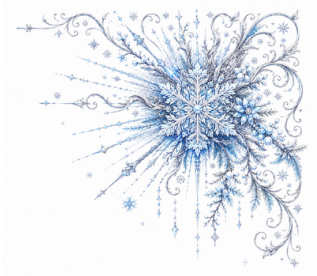
No rules just consequence

How free are we if our choices hang our life in the balance,
If our decision ordain the rest of our life
There is nothing free about will
If the aftermath is lying in our hands
Maybe freedom is never absolute but where is the fun in that?

I want a world where our actions are always in our side
Always helping, always good, never sad and never bad
"Aconsequentia" a made up word for a made up world.

So perfect yet just bland

It means "without consequence"
but now that i think about it what joy would "perfect" bring us.



It Could Have Been Me

I know God is good,
But sometimes I want proof.
Not sermons or verses just something real
In the middle of this kind of silence.

I am a hypocrite, I pray in emergencies.
A sick relative, a sudden grade drop.
Something sharp enough to make my soul
Whisper God's name like it never forgot it.

And now, I'm praying for you.
your safety, your soul.
I am praying while crying, while blaming
and bargaining.

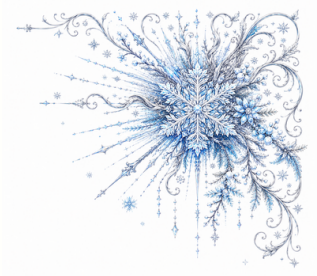
I am praying and cursing at the same time,
Because i don't understand
Why is it you- in that room cold, hungry, humiliated.
And a voice in me whispers what i don't want to hear

It should have been me.

Not because I would've taken that risk,
But because I've done worse in silence.
Carried shame like second skin.
Broken rules that nobody saw.
Sinned with no witness except God.

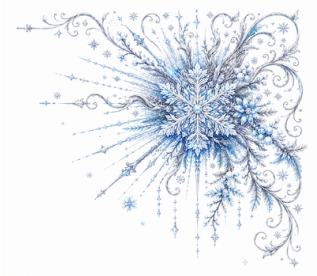
But it's not me, it's you.
You're not reckless, you're careful.
You calculate everything,
Because the fear of regret has always lived right behind your eyes.
You always asked,
"what if i never come back from this?"

And now you're here
In something you can't take back.
I know people say
Pain makes you stronger.
But i've seen it break people too
I will be the first witness
if you really want evidence
Sometimes the pain makes you better.
Other times, it buries you.
And I don't know which one this will be.



So I pray
Not with perfect faith,

But with a breaking voice and a trembling hand.
Because i love you and i'm terrified
That this will change you
In a way you can't come back from.
But God is Good all the time
So maybe this will finally solve all my doubts
I carried my entire life.



I Worry

I worry
I worry about living
I worry about dying
I worry about time,
And nothing ever seems to quiet my mind.

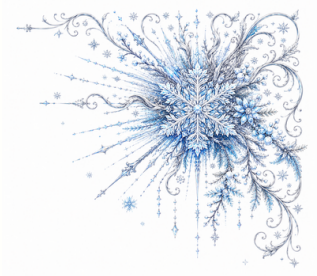
I worry for the brim of life
That I'm just about to start
Like standing on a porch in the dark,
Not sure if the door will open
Or if I'll stay outside forever.

My fears overflow
Spilling into every corner
I try to hide
The strange thing is,
It wasn't always like this.

I wasn't a demanding control freak.
I had hope and faith….
I still do,
but it doesn't burn the same.

I worry about life,
I worry about me
And the kind of person I'll turn out to be.

I worry because how am I supposed
To fit everything inside the frame of time,
When even eternity feels too small?
And so,
I will worry till I die.

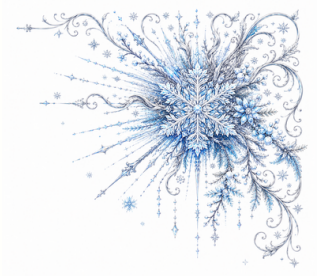


Drowning in stillness

It comes and goes in waves
Or at least it used to
Once I drowned beneath its weight
Lost in the heavy rain
I even forgot the day
I last saw the sun- *my sun*.

It comes and goes in waves
Until I drove it away
Then I am parched as the desert
Silent, empty, timeless
I don't even count the days
I watch the hollow sun fade.

It comes and goes in waves
Now I learned to surf it
I don't resist, I don't wait
I won't dry out or drown
I will exist just as I did everyday
Steady, unchanged, unwavering
Until that day
But now I'm drowning in those same waves.



Envaded Mind

I make quiet bargains with myself
Not now, I say
As though grief were a letter best left unopened
As though time were a drawer
In which I might tuck you away
Until I have grown braver hands.

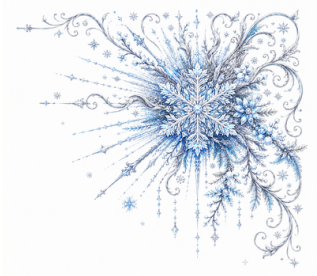
But have I moved on?
Or am I merely circling the same ache,
Giving it new names and disguise
I ask questions the way others breathe
Of friends, of strangers,
Or any passing voice that offers answers.

I gather them like borrowed coats
layer upon layer,
Until I can no longer feel the cold beneath.
Perhaps it is not curiosity at all,
But a careful evasion
A mind too crowded with echoes
To sit in its own silence.

So I fix myself upon something
A thought, a task, a fleeting obsession
And I burrow into it
As though it were a sanctuary.
Days blur, weeks dissolve,
And for a while, life softens its edges.

But the moment I let go
The moment the world grows still
You return.
Not gently, never gently.

You arrive as a flood against fragile walls,
As memory unravelling its threads
Through every quiet corner I had claimed.
And I wonder, then
Was I ever healing, or merely hiding
In the noise of my own becoming?



Ink bleeds truth

Funny how words grip so tight
One minute you feel the world on your shoulders
The next your lying between clouds
Think I'm wrong?
My writing will scream and shout.

Funny how fools swallow words whole
Easier than understanding it for what it is
The last time i touched a pen i saw how cracked I was
I didn't understand how i managed to break every single piece of me.

Then I sent out these lines, my testimony
They praised my companionship with words
But this one is "Different," they sighed,
It was blind to the rotten
They saw the gloss, not how the pain rearranged my organs
That's how deep the break went.

I am a writer, Words, a cruel lure.
They cage my pain so sweet, death feels like love.
Maybe I'm like words hiding horror so well
You'd clap if you saw me carrying my burden as a trophy.

No one claws into a writer's soul
No one knows how words can twist life
Each ink drop is blood and tear
Each page is witness to unheard screams.

It's terrifying how few words stab so deep.
Few minds grasp the festering truth
Others see neat lines, rhyming words
When will their blindness finally break?

Maybe i will write with my bloodshed
Every word spills from my raw guilt and shame
When will this mask crack, show the ugliness inside
If only they felt how frail I stand.

A shift at their soft gaze, a double look is all they need
To see my tragedy unfold
I wrote 'cause no one listened
Papers became my ally
The world become my muse
But the pain of feeling what i write
The gut reaching truth is hard to confide
Next time I write, ask about my breaking mind
I'll lie, but at least you'll have a glimpse of the ruin I am
It's me, a bomb ticks faster from your ignorance.

Autumn
-The Becoming-

Deeper than what meets the eye

Sometimes I want to look at me, through other eyes,
Not to if their vision is distorted or fine
To be proud or sink in self-pity
That is not the reason i want to see.

I wanna see all the things i take for granted
I love looking at myself in the mirror
I'm not afraid of my reflection
I love laughing out loud even if my smile isn't perfect
I talk with passion i dont care if im being loud or not
I am confident with my words i embrace my mistakes.

I love writing its a big hobby of mine
I have clothing to wear
they might not be designer but they fit me just fine
My shoes may not be the high-end brand
but don't have holes in them, they are comfortable
I have siblings to fight with
Friends to laugh with,
A family that will love me no matter how much we argue
And a God that never lets me out of his sight.

For a dreamer that loves to forsee,
I forgot all these great things that surround me
I underestimated myself and the care I receive
I look for things to be grateful for,
But seeing this day is a miracle for some version of me
Perspective is a paradox that i won't fathom to explain.

But if i could i wanna see myself in others eyes
even if its just for a single day.

Beyond the black

I have always been much of a writer
Picking up a brush felt foreign in my hand
My imagination I can’t command.

I am not an artist.
I can't paint, I'd say
But when I saw a black canvas there
A question always haunted my way
Why black? It's too dark, it swallows art, I'd swear.

Sometimes art itself is shaped by what we think we know
I was just a girl who spoke too soon, it's true
But now I see the black canvas has shown
How the drawing can truly shine vibrantly ,
Highlighting each detail I didn't quite see through.

I picked up my brush and painted free and fast
The black canvas I avoided, now my muse
I have learned to embrace it, the hesitation passed
This isn't about papers or the colors you choose,
This isn't about drawing for those who knew
It was me all along, and now it's clear,
I became the art i finally understood.

Knees to the Sky

I have stood up,
My knees still scraped from the fall
A reminder of where I've been,
A whisper of why I rise.
I remember the weight of the ground,
How it pressed against my ribs,
Stealing the air,
Making my bones forget they could stand.

But here I am,
Knees to the sky,
Breathing the open air
As if I've just learned
What it means to be alive.
Even if I fall now,
I will land where I've already been
The ground is no stranger to me
So what is there to lose?
Let me run, Let me try.

Even if I stumble, I will not vanish.
I'll find my way in, and I'll call it hope
And hope will walk beside me
While I run free from on ground
That once chained me so tight
That I couldn't breathe.

In another life

In another life
I will visit your house once again
Seeing your's and grandmas face
Joy while you call me by my nicknames
The time you cared to talk to me again.

In another life
Where i won't build brickwalls
That separated me from all your stories
I will live a life i wont regret
Cause not knowing you is my biggest fault.

In another life
I will talk about you with the stars in my eyes
No guilt or shame will show inside
But now I ask people "what was he like?"
Most wont tell me but atleast i will try.

I am wishing for a new life
Because i have lost you before i knew you in this one.

The Mighty

There was once a land promised to the mighty
Ever since he heard
He thought himself the one and only
He fought the brave
Frightened the weak
Never once fearing his curse
For who would choose to linger in pain.

He won battles, conquered realms
Envisioned the man he was meant to be
The title he sought above all else
By any means, no regret.
And he finally did it
But the crown weighed heavier than his victories
The land was as dry as his heart.

Parched desert, hollow throne
He looked back for applause,
But only saw the ghost
Of the souls he had slaughtered
To stand alone
Then the might he longed for
Slipped through his fingers.

He collapsed
Maybe from exhaustion,
Maybe from heartbreak
But in the silence,
He had only one thought
Where is the rest?

The Fall Before the Spark: Not a Sob Story

This was bound to happen
Walking on a thin glass
Used to pray that it wouldn't crack
Then I got used to it
Forgot the prayer,
I stood up straight
As if I had control of the ground beneath.

I was happy and hopeful
Some parts of me were afraid it wouldn't last
And it didn't, it shattered
I fell through, scraped my patches
Now I have to redo it all again.

This ain't a sob story on how I gave up
But if you're wondering why my scars aren't healed; this is the storytime.

Every time I get close, I mess it up
I take it for granted
As if I had lived through happiness my whole life
As if I wasn't searching for numbness when the pain was too much
Looking for a high that would make me stop thinking.

I have no discipline
All I do is just a matter of time
Like the ticking is louder than my will
And I flinch at countdowns more than silence.

But I'm still here, aren't I?
Still trying to glue together what they call "worth"
One breath, one slip, one rewrite at a time
I'm not clean, I'm not whole
But maybe that was never the point
Some stories don't end
They break, they bleed,
they crawl out of the wreck and dare to begin again
And me; I am learning how to stay.

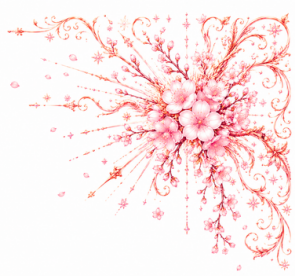
Younger me

If I could run back
Come and meet you at the park
I would bend time just to see you
But this is just a dream that won't come true.
You were joyful though you don’t talk much
You were all you need to live your life
I am a mess in this unfair world
Hoping one day you will return
I miss you more than I can tell
But at the end it's just a tale.

My love for you is unconditional
You can see it through my soul and heart
Cause everything, I did is killing me inside
I wanted to tell, you are the younger me
The innocent one that can't hurt a flee
The one I sacrificed to fit in this world
That’s where things went wrong
I left you here trying to be perfect
I am not even close to perfection but

I HAVE ALREADY LOST ME.

Spring -
-The Bloom



Never?

You are the lesson i needed
Not that it was wrong or anything
But because you were once just a "what if"
You are my prayer that i forgot
Snuck up on me but God's timing is always right.

You were not the bright sunshine I embrace
You were the rainbow in the rain
The subtle hint of sunrays
You were never loud
So, I didn't hear your soft-spoken heart
I never knew love could be subtle and quiet.

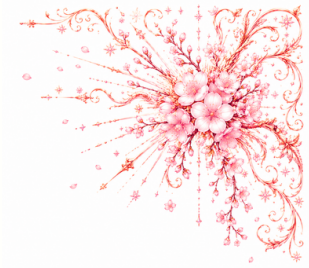
Apparently it can
It can be the caring look in your eyes
I say ‘its a long story’ and you say ‘go ahead i have time’
Its waking up just to text me back
Adding the "i" before saying love you because for me,
You know it's important.

Holding my hands tight even if i make you mad
It's the change and willingness to talk it out
Saying i will fix my problems and actually showing that
It's all these 'not so subtle' subtle acts.

Your love was visible behind your eyes
If i looked long enough
I never knew how the stars were beautiful
Cause it was the moon i was looking at....

And my love was not so subtle
Its confidence and showy,
I will call your name out loud
Its hugs, kisses, letters and long paragraphs
Its just visible on each letter I write.

But God looks underneath the surface
He saw what we needed
not what 'we thought we lacked'
I never knew love could be so subtle and
you have never been loved so loudly
and He showed us "never's" never last.



Seasons

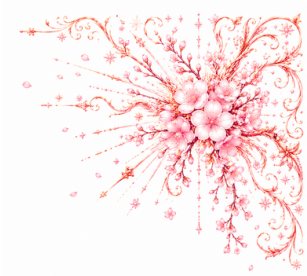
Maybe it's the summer
In a cute little cafe near by
A to-go iced coffee that turned into a chat
Talking walks and watching sunsets
Talking about life.

Is it in the winter rain
With raincoats and a fuzzy sweater
Holding my umbrella
And hot tea to warm me up.

Perhaps it's in autumn
On a bench under the trees
Picking up fallen leaves
Watching movies and cuddling
Lighting up scented candles .

Or is it in spring
When the flowers bloom
And the rainbows shine
Walking in the garden holding hands
Bringing me fresh flowers that you picked up.

Curious me,
Speculating how we will meet
Unraveling secrets of the unknown
Wishing that life will give a heads up
So i will finally be ready
And know you are the one
The moment you meet me.



SEASON 2, EP 1

Its not what you see its how you look at it they said
I never understood it
But you knew movies were my thing
The plow twist are all i look for
The hero that leads a noble life.

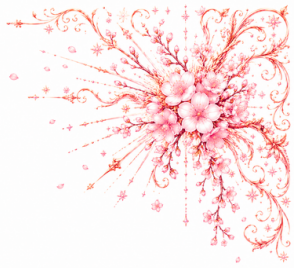
What a shock it was all a lie
The villain is not always so wrong
But he never got the chance to justify his act
Praise the hero, it was just a noble lie
But how many lies till it drops the noble act.

I thought you were a villain
Just like the movies I've watched
But now I see I never gave you chance
I judged you before I got the chance to see your true heart
But it was also your fault
You pushed me away guarded your heart
How could I have known all that humor
was just a disguise.

Then we fell apart or so I thought
Now here comes my favourite act
I met you again in a different time
You have changed and i had let my guard down
I guess all we needed was time and a second take

Just for the plot.

I never thought I would have a life like the movies
But you're showing me love in ways i deeply understand
I guess how you look at it really matters after all.



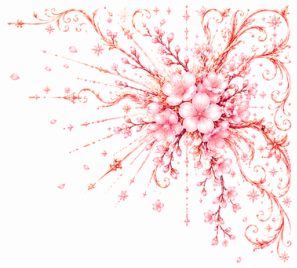
Sculpted by you

I said, I can cook if you want
I will make your favorite meals just like your momma does
I can dance if you want
I will glide effortlessly into the depth of your heart
I am your genie, all your wishes I grant.

You smiled
I laughed hoping that it will last
I am best at following orders
Coded to your liking
Maybe its because im a people pleaser
I like seeing people happy
Or perhaps im buried in fear to show the real me
But it's just a "maybe"
Its hypothetical guess, it couldn't be any far from the truth.

I am like honey
Sweet in recipes and controlled doses
Not something you would eat as a meal
I am like the sweetener in your coffee
Adjusted to make the perfect latte
I am too much as a whole so
I will show you parts of me piece by piece
Hoping I won’t suffocate you to death.

And maybe once you had seen it all
You will appreciate all the quirks that weave me
Until then whisper the shape of "me" you crave
Or at least the me that will last.



The more I know you,
the less I hate myself

This might sound like a hard concept
For those who never doubt their words,
Actions, or thoughts.

But for someone like me,
Someone who overanalyzes every interaction
As if it's a death sentence waiting to happen
It took only five minutes.
Five minutes into our conversation
I was ready to correct myself.

I am not here to glaze you;
You are not perfection,
But you were everything
I thought I wanted.

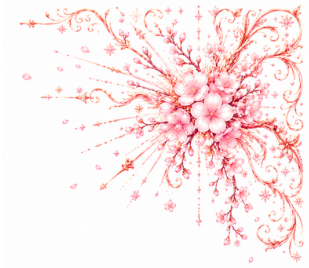
You are my Icarus.

It's been ages
Since the knots in my stomach
Have been loosened
Perhaps by your hand.
There is comfort lingering in our space
Rather than doubt.

I don't want to make it complicated,
But seeing you smile
Makes me want to laugh,
As if my tears only fall
From laughing too hard,
As if no harm could ever reach me
As long as your smirk stays.

I know I like the idea of "you"
More than the reality of "us."
It's a harsh reality,
But isn't it better to face it now?
I don't like suspense
Waiting for the long run,
As if you are going to change into him
One day at a time.

Maybe my idea might change.
But you-
You have a wild heart,



As wild as your eyes
Scanning for something,
A reaction just to ignite the spark,
Waiting for my cheeks to blush
Or a giggle to escape my mouth.

Maybe that’s why
It's easy to think of you this way.
I do love myself,
But in moments of doubt
I think of you,
And the hate I have for myself
Disappears as such.

Fragments of You

A strand of hair, to show you were here,
Or maybe a t-shirt i could sleep in forever
Smelling of your cologne as if time stopped
The moment you gave it to me.
Maybe your watch, ticking away in my drawer,
Counting the hours you have been gone.

Leave me something- anything
A book with you notes in the margins,
A coffee cup stained with your lips,
A song half-finished on the back of a notebook.
Even if you won't come back for them,
At least they will stand as proof
That you existed once, here with me.

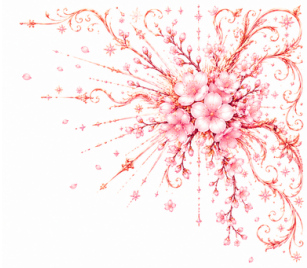
I imagine your shoes by the door,
Untouched, waiting for footsteps
And i wake up in the middle of the night
With the light on but you are not here
You may never return.

I imagine your laughter, echoing the walls
A sound i chase in silence
A ghost i refuse to let go
I wish that I was kidding- I'm not and I hate it.

I keep rehearsing conversations
That will never happen,
Asking questions you will never answer.
I want the world to know you exist- existed,
That you were not just a dream I invented.
So I cling to these fragments,
They let me be close to you.

But you- for you i wont give anything of mine
No letters or photographs, you don't need them.
You have already taken what matters;
My mind, my heart and the part of me that still waits.....

And so i will keep the waiting,
with the lights off- just how you like them
Surrounded by objects that whisper your name,
Hoping one day you will return to claim them
If not, they will remain here,
My silent witnesses to the fact
That you were once mine and I was once yours.



Moonlight

I saw it in your eyes, you love me
I heard it in your laugh, you miss me
You crave my attention
To bold to ask for permission

You love me like the moon at night
Wrapped in silver glowing light
A treasure sealed in a crystal glass
Perfectly untouched, too fragile to grasp.

But love is more than flawless skies,
More than the glow in perfect eyes
Would you still hold me when i fall,
When cracks appear, and I bare it all?

For i am not just glass and gleam
Not only the beauty you have seen in a dream
A flawless prize guarded high,
A daring look, too good to try.

Is it depth you seek, or a fleeting view,
A polished reflection or wholly true?
If you love the flaws as much as the art
Perhaps moonlight has found its home in my heart.

Afterword

I began writing as a way of keeping fragments of myself alive.

It started with words carved onto desks in middle school, then scribbles in notebooks, then notes on my phone- and now it has grown into this book. Some of these poems date back to 2023, or even further, carrying with them the echoes of earlier versions of me.

Each page holds a piece of who I am, how I see the world, and everything in between. The world itself is my muse: some poems are born from lived moments, some from longing, and many from the ache of an imagination that refuses to rest.

This collection is not only mine. It belongs to the countless interactions that shaped it, to anyone who has ever felt deeply enough to recognize themselves in its lines.
But for some, for *you*- this is the secret I left between the lines.

To everyone who has read these pages, thank you. Thank you for taking a moment to step into my orbit and letting our paths collide.

And with gratitude, I leave these words in your hands.

-Sapphire signing off🚀

Echoes beyond the Seasons ✒️

If these words spoke to you,
you can share your poems, writings or even fragments here anonymously or however you wish.

LINK

If you would like to keep my orbit alive
support me here: buy me coffee 😁

Thank you for orbiting these seasons with me.

Seasons change and so do we

This collection of 33 poems moves from summer's chaos to winter's silence, autumn's fading and spring's renewal. Each season carries its own rhythm and mind. These poems are not bound to one story; they are not written by a poet. They are fragments of thoughts and ideas lucky enough to be stored in ink.

Sunper/Sapphire is a computer science student who writes as if time is running faster, living in between worlds- and words. Whether in class or not, she is always scribbling the stars into verses that keeps her sane and alive. Her muse is the world, from the subtle wind to the violent storms. Her favorite activity is people watching; if you find her staring at you, well you might become a character in her story. This collection is part of her journey balancing chaos with clarity, reminding herself and others that words can be both a refuge and revelation.

Sapphire💎

-PRICE: Stardust